#### JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Tells of Anniversary Reception of Mr. and Mrs. Beauveau Borie at Abington-Other Matters of Interest in the Social World

veau Borie celebrated their fiftleth wedding anniversary yesterday out at their home in Abington by having a small reception for the family and a few intimate friends? In fact the "invites" were Expited to a hundred and by the time you count up the children and grandchildren and the sisters and brothers and nieces and nephews and great pleces and nephews and cousins, including a few very intimate friends like Miss Emily Mather, you will know the party was principally family.

Among those who received were Mr. Borie's brother-in-law and sister Mr. and Mrs. John T. Lewis Jr. Mr. Lewis was groomsman at the wedding fifty years ago. Mrs. Lewis was a bridesmaid and so was Miss Mather. Among the members of the family who attended the reception, were the four sons of Mr. and Mrs. Borie. Charlie, Beau, Adolphe and Renshaw, and their daughter, Emily Borie Beals of Bos-'The sons' wives and Mr. Beals too were present of course, and the grandchildren. The children of John Borie, Mrs. Heide Norris, Mrs. Arthur Ryerson, Mr. Adolphe Borie, Jr., Miss Sophie Borie and Mrs. Arthur Rush, and a number of the Rhodes family. Mr. Borie's sister, Mrs. James Mauran Rhodes is living in California so she and Mr. Rhodes were unable to be present but they were represented by their daughters Mrs. Ned Hartshorne, Mrs. Franklin Sharpless, Mrs. Deas Sinkler and Mrs. Guy Phelps Dodge. Mrs. Ralph Derr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, was also present and Mr. and Mrs. George Mason, the latter Mr. Eorie's younger sister.

Mrs. Borie, who was Miss Patty Neill. wore a pale yellow flowered sill gown, which had been in her bridal trousseau and carried an old-fashioned bouquet. She was married from the home of the late Dr. James Paul, an uncle, who lived at Ninth and Pine streets.

Mr. Borie is the head of one of the oldest familes in this city and has long held a prominent position as a leader in the social and business world of this city. He is the son of the late Mr. Charles Louis Borle and Clementine McKean Borie and a nephew of the late Mr. Adolphe Borie, who was Secretary of the Navy under President Grant. His grandmother, Mrs. John Borie, was Miss Sophie Beauveau, a daughter of Pierre Hyacinthe Beauvoau and Betsy Brown Beauveau. 'The latter escaped from San Domingo during the insurrection there, having to leave her husand's body unburied, and with a nurse and her five little girls came to Philadelphia, where the family has lived ever since.

STOPPED in at the new cir. of for soldiers and sailors at 1317 Walnut street the other day. It looks awfully attractive in there. I didn't go into the big clubroom, where they have a long table in the center of the room and comfortable chairs and general comfort for the men, but I peeked n and saw how it was all fixed up, and here was a huge vase of chrysanthemums on the table, too. An officer was sitting there, smoking and reading, and while I was there a sailor started a fox trot on the victrola. There's a cigarette counter in the hall, presided over by a member of the Emergency Aid (they got the thing up, you know), where they sell cigarettes, tobacco and candy at cost price. They had a tea there for the men on Sunday. It's a very popular place. Did I say that they have a piano in the big room, too? You must have guessed that, though, for you can't have a proper club for enlisted men unless you have a plane. I saw Mrs. Harry Blynn coming in with some music for them, and I rather imagine that if an enlisted man gets reckless and expresses a vague wish for this magazine or that piece of music or anything like that he finds it waiting for him the next time he

THE St. Francis Junior Aides are going to hold their annual Christmas Stocking Sale at 1527 Chestnut street, on Monday and Tuesday of next week. The stockings are of generous size and filled with something warm to wear and plenty of toys to please the children. On Friday and Saturday of this week the stockings will be on exhibition at the Hotel Walton, the Ritz-Carlton and the Adelphia. The Aides will take orders for Christman Stockings to be delivered on Christmas Eve to the thousand children, many of whose fathers are still overseas, It's really fine what these girls do every year. At least a thousand kiddles who would not have a visit from Santa Claus are reached by the Junior Aldes attached to St. Francis's Home for Convalescents.

SHE is so young that she isn't even big enough for the youngest dancing class that meets every Wednesday afternoon at the club. She loves to dance, though, and the ambition of her life is to grow old enough to go to dancing class. Incidentally she has a brother, just six years her senior who would give a week's allowance to change places with her. For that reason Mother and Barbara always go to the afternoon class in order to make sure that Brother doesn't somehow miss the gate of the club and turn in at the next one, where there's always sure to be football practice going on. That's how Barbara got the desire to dance, and so she was thrilled to pieces last week, when Mother decided to take her to the early evening class, where Sister, who is several years older than Brother, goes.

She felt perfectly at home, for she knows the teachers very well, and always goes up with the other girls and makes her curtsey before she comes home. So, after sitting through several dances, she trotted up to one of them and said importantly, "You know, Miss J-, these boys won't dance with me." She was assured that Miss J- would see what she could do about it, so she didn't worry for a while. Then as the music started up for the next dance and nobody seemed to know that she was there, she hustled up to Miss J-, and smiling confidently, she reminded her, "You won't forget what I told you, will

the may object to being a wall-flower or, but I have a feeling that when she he his enough to be seen as

DID you know that Mr. and Mrs. Beau- | floor, the wall will mean nothing in her life except as the thing that keeps the floor from spreading out wider. NANCY WYNNE.

### Social Activities

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle will entertain at dinner at her home, 1712 Spruce street, fol-lowed by a theatre party on Thursday eve-ning, December 12, in honor of Miss Helen S. Tower, whose marriage to Major Robertson. S. A., will take place on December 21, Mrs. will be one of Miss Tower's brides-

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kendrick, 3d, of Illanova, have taken the Robert Fell's house at Bryn Mawr for the winter. They will give a dinner-dance on Saturday, December 28, at 6:30 o'clock, for their two fittle daughters, Miss Marion Kendrick and Miss Edith Kendrick and Miss Edith Kendrick

Mrs. William Gray Warden, of Red Gate, School House lane, Germantown, will give a dinner on December 30, in honor of her niece, Miss Eleanor Purviance, daughter of Mrs. Peregrine Wilmer, of Queen Lane Manor, before the Christmas meeting of Mrs. Charles Stewart Wurts's Dancing Class.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chapman, of 335 South Sixteenth street, will shortly issue invitations for a dinner on December 20, in honor of their son, Mr. Joseph Z. C. Chapman, before the Penn Charter School play.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Serrill, of Haverford, will entertain twelve guests at dinner next Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. F. Lynwood Garrison, of 1019

Clinton street, will give a dinner on Decem-ber 28, in honor of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Garrison.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Filter entertained Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kendrick, 3d, in their box at the opera last evening. Mrs. Morris L. Clothier returned yesterday

Claremont, her home in Villanova, after w three-weeks' visit to Hot Springs, Va. Mrs. Thomas H. Carmichael, who has been visiting friends in Boston, has returned to her home, 7127 Germantown avenue, Chest-

and their two children will be glad to know that they have all recovered from influenza and are recuperating at the Dennis, Atlantic City. Friends of Mr. and Mrs. E. Digby Baltzell

Mrz. Elsie Carver, of the Swarthmore Twenty-second and Wainut streets, will be the hostess in charge of the dance to be given by the shipbuilders' section of the navy nuxiliary of the Red Cross at the United Service Club, on Monday. Mrs. Carver has invited the chairmen of the various activities of the Navy House, 221 South Eighteentn street, to be the guests of the shipbuilders' ection at this dance.

Miss Elizabeth Gallagher, of Fifty-fifth and Springfield avenue, entertained the Soldiers and Sallors' Sunshine League at tea. Offi-cers for the coming year were elected. Mrs. William Turner is president; Miss Elizabeta Gallagher is vice president; Miss Mary Nor-ris is secretary; Miss Elizabeth Norris is treasurer. The board of managers includes Mrs. Joseph D. Israel. Miss Marie Bradicy, Miss Mary Frances Kelly, Miss Ruth Israe, Miss Eleanor Gallagher, Miss Marle Datz, Miss May Felin and Miss Jewel Gleason.

#### SPECIAL NIGHTS AT BAZAAR IN LOGAN

Emergency Aid to Hold First Public Affair in New Library This Week

The Logan branch of the Emergency Aid will hold a bazaar from Thursday until Saturday in the Logan Library Building, Old the further war relief work of the organization. This will be the first public affair to be held in the new building. The various booths will be decorated with the colors of the Allied nations, and those taking part will wear the costumes of the nation they repre-sent. There will be a real Santa Claus with Christmas packages.

A special program has been arranged for each evening, Thurrday being "Aliles Night"; Friday "Service Night," when a large service fing will be presented to the Aid by the resi-dents of Thirteenth street between Rockland and Louden streets, and the closing evening "Community Night," when there will be spe-cial music and community singing, led by Mr. William Janney.

Mr. William Janney.

The affair is in charge of Mrs. Morris M.
Gibb, chairman of the Aid; Mrs. H. P. Clesman; vice chairman; Mrs. Walter Yeager,
secretary; Mrs. H. E. Weller, treasurer; Mrs. W. A. Worthington, chairman of the ways and means committee; Mrs. Fred Sharp, Mrs. William Duke, Mrs. William Worthington, Mrs. Frank Klinger, Mrs. Charles Snyder Mrs. William Bruen, Mrs. Harry Kelly. Mrs Ars. William Bruen, Mrs. Harry Keil, Mrs. A. Rose, Mrs. Rose Reiger, Miss Viola Bridge, Mrs. Edward Hull, Mrs. Charles Shane, Mrs. Frank Becker, Mrs. Wilbur Atkinson, Mrs. Charles Buck and Mrs. William Bateman, assisted by the Logan Junior Emergency Aid Aides, directed by Miss Flora Mager, and the Emergency Aid Aides, of Logan, with Mrs. the Emergenny Aid Aides of Logan, with Mrs. John Stortz as captain.



MISS MARIE LOUISE CALDWELL

#### "TOSCA" FINELY SUNG BY THE METROPOLITAN

Muzio, Crimi and Scotti Score Vocal and Histrionic Triumph in Puccini Opera

The somber story of Tonca, with the vivid musical setting by Puccini, was finely sung and tensely acted at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening.

Few operas, old or new, have music which fits the dramatic situations as accurately and follows the emotional content of the story as closely as does that of "Tosca," and this applies with equal force both to voices and to orchestration. Added to this, which naturally requires the most consistent vocal rendition, is the fact that the entire opera demands acting of a high degree from both

principals and minor characters.

These varied demands were met most successfully by the Metropolitan Company in its presentation last evening. Muzio, Crimi and Scotti naturally carried away the honors as the chief characters. All were in excellent voice, and carried out the difficult histrionic requirements of the work in as fine style as has ever been seen here. Muzio's clear soprano was more than equal to the severe demands of the part, and showed to especial advantage in the exquisite passage "Non la sovaires" in the exquisite passage "Non la sospiere" in the duet with Cavaradossi in the first act and in her imploring appeal to Scarpia, "Vissi d'arte vissi d'amore," at the close of the second, although the intense dramatic situation at this point is apt to distract even the attention of the singer from the music itself.

Crimi showed a heavitigh tener value of

Crimi showed a beautiful tenor voice o good range and equality of tone throughout. He sang especially well the delightful aria, "Recondita Armonia," in the first act, and the mournful solliequy, "E lucevan le Stelle," in the third. There was a slight tendency to force the upper tones a little in the more intense situations, due, doubtless, to the high emotional tension at these points, but throughout the quality was excellent, and he sang and acted in the best of taste.

Scotti again revealed himself the incom-parable Scarpia. His voice was not in the best of condition in the first act, but showed a wonderful improvement in the second, while his acting of the part was perfection, as it always is. The savage sollloquy. "Va, Tosca, nel tuo Cuor," at the close of the first act, was given with such dramatic effect as to cover some lack of vocal power. This, however, was not apparent in the next act. which was finely sung.

The opera throughout was acted with a spirit and consistency rarely equaled. Muzio especially revealed an amazingly high con-ception of the dramatic possibilities of the part of Tesca, particularly in the second act, where her work with that of Scotti reached a very high point of stage presentation, leaving entirely out of consideration the diffleult vocal parts. Crimi also showed good histricule powers, although nothing in his part calls for the intensity shown in the scene between Tosca and Scarpia in the second act. Mention must also be made of the good work of Pompilio Malatesta as the Sacristan, a part requiring considerable judg-ment in acting in order that it be not overdone, although not making any great vocal

The staging of the opera was on the high level always maintained by the Metropolitan, the setting of the final act being especially fine and true to life. Roberto Moranzoni conducted the work with care and skill, bringing out the numerous orchestral beauties un-erringly, and it is indeed doubtful if many opera-goers realize how richly this opera is opera goers realize now riem; this opera is accred. From the three gloomy chords, the Scarpia motif, which take the place of an overture, until the tragic close, the audience was held in rapt attention, and the principals received many deserved curtain calls.

### EMERGENCY AID GATHERS.

State Organization Members Start Conference Tomorrow

The dark blue uniforms of the Emergency Ald Committee members are most consplcu-ous on Philadelphia streets today, as women from all parts of the State assemble for the fourth annual conference of the organization in the Bellevue-Stratford tomorrow. More than 150 delegates and members are expected

to attend.
With Mrs. A. J. Cassatt, State chairman, presiding, the business session will open at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. Reports will be heard from the various State chairmen and Mrs. J. Willis Martin will give an out-line of work planned for the coming year. Honor pins will be presented to a number of Emergency Ald Aides in recognition of

of Emergency Aid Aiges in Fecognition of their work during the influenza epidemic. Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsyl-vania Raliroad Company, will preside at the annual luncheon at 12:30 o'clock. Charles M. Schwab, John Wanamaker, Commander Eyangeline Booth, of the Salvation Army; Dr. Wilmer Krusen, of the Department of Health and Charitles, and Francois de St. Phaille and Charities, and Francois de St. Phalile, manager of Baldwin's munitions plant, will be speakers. M. de St. Phalile will tell of the people who made the guns and those who fired them in France.

#### LIVERMORE AGAIN WEDS

Wall Street Speculator Marries Miss Dorothy F. Wendt

New York, Dec. 4 .- All the spectagular New York, Dec. 4.—All the spectacular features which have marked the career or Jesse L. Livermore, successful independent operator in Wall street, were absent Monday night when he and Miss Dorothy F. Wendt daughter of a retired Brooklyn merchant, were married in the St. Regis Hotel. Only a few infinite friends were present in Mr. Liverfew intimate friends were present in Mr. Liverrew intimate triends were present in Air. Liver-ermore's suite when Magistrate Peter B. Barlow united the couple. Attending the bride was her mother. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Berner. Both in finance and matrimony Mr. Liver-

more's career has been turbulent. Last year he was divorced from his first wife. Since Mr. Livermore first entered the market as an operator he has amassed and several fortunes. In recent years his judgment in anticipating the fluctuations of stocks has brought his wealth to an estimaed total of \$10,000,000.

#### DUAL ART EXHIBIT OPENS

Canvases and Furniture Painted by Women on View

Art lovers have the chance, beginning today and continuing for a week, to enjoy an exhibition of decorative still-life and land-scape paintings by Mrs. Maude D. Bryant and painted furniture, by Mrs. J. B. DeCour-sey, displayed at the Art Alliance, 1823 Wal-

canvases of Mrs. Bryant are well known at the Academy of the Fine Arts, and she recently exhibited throughout the West. The handling of color effects is one of the big attributes of Mrs. Bryant's work and her ill lifes are noted for their striking deco-

rative quality.

Real artistry in fitting up a room can be observed in the furniture of Mrs. DeCoursey. Blacks and golds, rich and subdued, and some pieces of blues, greens and reds, show the distinctive touch of this artist, who is mas-terful in her ability at harmonious coloring and distinctive design. Particularly striking is a Spanish lamp shade and base.

#### COMPLETE FIRST YEAR

Lutheran Jewish Missions Will Observe Anniversary Tonight

The first anniversary of the Lutheran Jewish Missions in Philadelphia will be observed
this evening at 8 o'clock, in St. Luke's
Church. Seventh street and Montgomery avenue. There will be an address by the Rev.
Dr. Cl Theodore Henze.

This organization has grown and branched
out a great deal since its founding in Novenuer, 1917, and the meeting will review
the work done and outfine plans for the



# THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT

By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

A strange message came to Captain Desmond Okewood, a scrap of paper that convinced him that his brother, whom he had thought dead, was alive and in Germany. A chance encounter in a Rotterdam hotel and the death of a German say, whose clothes and papers he appropriates, cauble him to enter Germany as Doctor Sendin, a German-American. That "Semila" has an important mission the treatment he receives convinces him, but he hasn't an idea what the mission is. He is still in the dark when at his the isn the presence of the Emperor. The habited Man expected a Doctor Germant and State of the Man had been intrusted to moreour certain papers and had been "double-crossed" by Semilin, who wished the glory hinself. This much Okewood is able to surmise, but he is dangerously near to being discovered as an imposter when bad news from the front turns the Kalser's thoughts to other matters and Okewood is temporarily dismissed. He leaves the palace at once, and by a trick is taken into the presence of Germat in a Berlin hotel. Gruntt bluntly tells him that he knows who he is and will have him killed unless he immediately hands over the papers he got from Dector Semilin, Okewood floors him with a heavy blow, rushes from the room and meets his brother's former sweetheart, now the wife of a German official, who helps him to escape. He meets his brother at last, he is musquerading as a walter in a cheap residue. THE STORY THUS FAR

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CHAPTER XVI-(Continued) WELL, the long and short of it was that my suggestion was carried, and we re-

solved to set out for Bellevue that very night, My brother declared he would not return to the cafe; with the present shortage of men, such desertions were by no means uncom mon, and if he were to give notice formally it might only lead to embarrassing explanations.

So we strolled back to the city in the gathering darkness, bought a map of the Rhine and a couple of rucksacks and laid in a small stock of provisions at a great department store, biscults, chocolates, some hard sausage and two small flashs of rum, Then Francis took me to a little restaurant where he was known and introduced me to the friendly proprietor, a very jolly old Rhinelander, as his brother just out of hos-pital. I did my country good service, I think, by giving a most harrowing account of the terrible efficiency of the British army on the Somme!

Then we dired and ever our meal consulted "By the map." I said, "Believue should be "By the map." I said, "Believue should be about fifty miles from here. My idea is that we should walk only at night and ile up during the day, as a room is out of the question for me without any papers. I think we should keep away from the Rhine, don't you? as otherwise we shall pass through Wesel, which is a fortress, and, consequently, devilish unhealthy for both of us."

Francis nodded with his mouth full.
"At present we can count on about twelve hours of darkness," I continued, "so, leaving a margin for the slight detour we shall make, for rests and for losing the way, I

hours of darkness, I contour to the light detour we shall make, for rests and for losing the way, I think we ought to be able to reach Castle Bellevue on the third night from this. If the weather holds up, it won't be too bad, but if it rains, it will be hellish. Now, have you any suggestions?"

My brother acquiested, as, indeed, he had in everything I had proposed since we met. Poor fellow, he had had a roughish time; he seemed glad to have the direction of affairs taken out of his hands for a bit.

At half-past seven that evening, our packs on our backs, we stood on the outskirts of the town where the road branches off to Crefeld. In the pocket of the overcost I had filched from Haase's I found an automatic platol, fully loaded (most of our smed).

utomatic platol, fully loaded (most of our customers at the beer-cellar went armed). "You've got the document, Francis,"
id. "You'd better have this, too!" and

said. "You'd better have this, too!" and I passed him the gun.
Francis waved it uside.
"You keep it." he said grimly, "it may serve you instead of a passport."
So I slipped the weapon back into my pocket.

A cold drop of rain fell upon my face,
"Oh, hell!" I cried, "it's beginning to
rain!" And thus we set out upon our journey.

It was a nightmare tramp. The rain never

ceased. By day we lay in ley misery, chilled to the bone in our sopping clothes, in some dank ditch or wet undergrowth, with ach-ing bones and blistered feet, fearing detection, ing bones and blistered feet, fearing detection, but fearing, even more, the coming of night and the resumption of our march. Yet we stuck to our program like Spartans, and about eight o'clock on the third evening, hobbling painfully along the road that runs from Cleves to Calcar, we were rewarded by the sight of a long massive building, with turets at the corners, standing back from the highway behind a tall brick wall.
"Bellevue!" I said to Francis, with point-

ing finger.

We left the road and, climbing a wooden pallsade, struck out across the fields with the idea of getting into the pask from the back. We passed some black and silent farm buildings, went through a gate and into a paddock, on the further side of which ran the wall surrounding the place. Somewhere beyond the wall a fire was blazing. We could see the leaping light of the flames and drifting smoke. At the same moment we heard voices, loud voices disputing in German.

We crept across the paddock to the wall, I gave Francis a back, and he hoisted himself to the top and looked over. In a moment he sprang lightly down, a more to his lips. ing finger.

There must be troops billeted hers. Come on • • we'll go further round!"
We ran softly along the wall to where it urned to the right and followed it round.

Presently we came to a small iron gate in the wait. It stood open.

We listened. The sound of vole a was fainter here. We still saw the reflection of the flames in the sky. Otherwise, there was no sign or sound of human life.

The gate led into an ornamental garden with the castle at the further end. All the windows were in darkness. We threaded a garden path leading to the house. It brought us in front of a glass door. I turned the handle, and it yielded to my grasp.

I whispered to Francis:

"Stay where you are! And if you hear me shout, fly for your life!"

For. I reflected, the place might be full of For, I reflected, the place might be full of

croops. If there were any risk it would be better for me to take it, since Francis, with his identity papers, had a better chance than of bringing the document into safety. I opened the glass door and found myself in a lobby with a door on the right. I listened again. All was still. I cau-tiously opened the door and looked in. As I did so the place was suddenly flooded with light and a voice—a voice I had often heard in my dreams—called out imperiously: "Stay where you are and put your hands

above your head! Clubfoot stood there, a pistol in his great hand pointed at me.
"Grundt!" I shouted, but I did not move.
And Clubfoot laughed.

#### CHAPTER XVII

Francis Takes Up the Narrative SAW the lights flash up in the room. I

heard Desmond cry out, "Grundt!" In-stantly I flung myself flat on my face in the flower bed, lest Desmond's shout might alarmed the soldiers about the fire But no one came; the gardens remained dark and damp and silent, and I heard no sound from the room in which I knew my brother to be, in the clutches of that man Deamond's cry pulled me together. It

which I had sunk during all those months of danger and disappointment. It shock me into life, if I was to save him, not a moment was to be lost. Clubfest would act swiftly, I knew. So must I. But first I must find out what the situation was, the meaning of clubfoot's presence in Monica's house, of those soldiers in the park. And, above all, was Monica herself at the castle?

I had noticed a little estaminet place on the road, about a hundred yards before we reached the Schloss. I might, at least, be able to pick up something there. Accordingly. I stole across the garden, scaled the wal again and reached the road in safety.

The estaminet was full of people, brutish-

looking peasants swilling neat spirits, cat-the drovers and the like. I stood up at the bar and ordered a double noggin of Kern, a raw spirit made in these parts from pota-toes, very potent but at least pure. A man in corduroys and leggings was drinking at the bar, a bluff sort of chap, who readily entered into conversation. A casual quesentered into conversation. A casual question of mine about the game conditions elicited from him the information that he was an under-keeper at the cards. It was a busy time for them, he told me, as four big shoots had been arranged. The first was to take place the text day. There were plenty of birds, and he thought the Frau Grafin's guests ought to be satisfied.

Grafin's guests ought to be satisfied.

I asked him if there was a big party staying at the castle. No, he told me, only one gentleman besides the officer billeted there, but a lot of people were coming over for but a lot of people were coming over for the shoot the next day, the officers from Cleves and Goch, the chief magistrate from Cleves, and a number of farmers from round-

"I expect you will find the soldiers billet-ed at the Castle useful as beaters," I in-

quired with a purpose.

The man assented grudgingly. Game-keepers are first-class grumblers. But the soldiers were not many. For his part he could do without them altogether. They were such terrible poachers to have about the place, he declared. But what they would do for besters without them he didn't know \* \* they were very short of besters \* \* that was a fact. "I am staying at Cleves." I said, "and I'm out of a job. I am not long from hospital, and they've discharged me from the army. I wouldn't mind earning a few marks.

I wouldn't mind earning a few marks as a beater, and I'd like to see the sport. I used to do a bit of shooting myself down on the Rhine where I come from."

'The man shrugged his shoulders and shook

his head, "That's none of my business, getting the beaters together," he replied. "Besides, I shall have the head gamekeeper after me if I go bringing strangers in " " " I ordered another drink for both of us and won the man round without much diffi-culty. He pouched my five mark note and announced that he would manage it \* \* \*

announced that he would manage it \* \* \* the Frau Grafin was to see some men who had offered their services as beaters after dinner at the Castle that evening. He would take me along.

Haif an hour later I stood, as one of a group of shaggy and bedraggied rustics, in a big stone courtyard outside the main entrance to the Castle. The head game-keeper mustered us with his eye and, bidding us follow him, led the way under a vaulted gateway through a massive door into a small lobby which had apparently been built into the great hall of the Castle, for it opened right into it.

We found ourselves in a splendid old feudal hall, oak-lined and oak-raftered, with lines of dusty banners just visible in the trillight reigning in the unner user of the

clearly light, and massive silver candlesticks shed a soft light on the table set at the far end of the hall, where dinner, apparently, was just at an end.

Three people were sitting at the table woman at the head, who, even before I had taken in the details I have just set down, I knew to be Monka, though her back was toward me. On one side of the table was a big, heavy man whom I recognized as Clubfoot, on the other side a pale slip of a lad in officers' uniform with only one arm \* \* \* \* Schmalz, no doubt.

vast place. The modern generation had for-borne to desecrate the fine old room with

A servant said something to Monica, who asking permission of her companions by a gesture, left the table and come across the hall. To my surprise, she was dressed in deepest black with linen cuffs. Her face wan pale and set, and there was a look of fear and suffering in her eyes that wrung my very

out in the thick patois of the Rhine which I had learnt at Bonn, 'I served with the Herr Graf in Galicia, and I thought maybe the Frau Grafin \* \*\*

Clubfoot came stumping over, all smiles after his food and smoking a long cigar that

"Frau Grafin?" he queried, glanding at me,
"This is a man who served under my husband in Galicia. He is ill and out of work,
and wishes me to help him. I ahould wish,
therefore, to see him in my sitting-room, if
but will allow me \* \* "
"But, Frau Grafin, most certainly. There
surely was no need \* \* "
"Johann!" Monica cailed the servant I had

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

A complete new adventure each meet, weg., ning Monday and ending Saturday

"THE SLEEPY GNOMES"

(Peggy and Billy Belgium going coast-ing on Billy's new bobs, invite a raggedy lad to join them. He proves to be Prince Bonnic Blue Bell, of the Wild Flower Elves, and he summons a troop of Rabbits

### CHAPTER III

Over its glistening surface, the bits drew the bobs as easily as though it were

n man.
"Say, this will make dandy coasting. We will go a mile a minute," shouted Billy Beigium. Peggy turned and looked down. The mountain steeps surely did form a wonder-ful silding place—almost too wonderful for they might go so fast they would be dashed

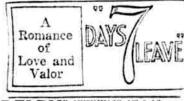
at a merry pace, jingling their sleigh bells in a jolly rhythm that made Peggy think of Christmas and Santa Claus, now began to Just below the topmost peak they came to

panting halt. They had gone as far as they could. The last stretch to the very tip of the mountain, was as steep as a wal Habbit could elimb it.

Peggy cried out in wonder at the view.
The moon, shining on the glistening snow,
made the scene as bright as day, and they

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SAMS. SHUBERT THEATER Broad St. Matinee Today. Best Seats \$1.50



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MATS. WED. & SAT., 2:15. Pop. Mat. Today. Best Seats \$1
F. RAY COMSTOCK and WILLIAM ELLIOTT
Freeent the Fifth N. Y. Princess Theatre
Musical Comedy Success



WALNUT Walnut D. W. Grimth's POSITIVELY LAST WEEK Matines Daily at 2-25 and 50 cts. Performance nightly at 8

metropolitan opera house solitan Tues. Evg., Dec. 10 at | Double Bill CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA Mmes. Ponseile (first appearance). Brasinu, liautfeld. Mm. Althouse, Laurenti; followed by PAGLIACCI Mms. Easton. Mm. Caruso, Laurenti, Paltrinieri. Cond., Mr. Moransoni. Beats. 1108 Chestnut St. Wai. 4424; Race Gr. DANCING

CORTISSOZ

could look far, far down upon the valler below. The world beneath seemed like below. The world beneath seemed fairy kingdom—all misty, shadowy, be "I'm going up to the top," shouled Billy

"So am I," laughed Prince Bonnie Blue Bell, who was enjoying this adventure with all the keeness of any ordinary boy.

all the keeness of any ordinary boy.

"And I am, too," chimed in Peggy following them as they dragged themselves up the face of the rocks. It was a slow and difficult acramble, but presently they found themselves at the tip of the world—with one themselves at the tip of the world—with one themselves at the tip of the world—with one themselves as above them. Peggy shivered with delight—then she gave another shrick of the thought of what would nervousness as she thought of what would mappen if they should lose their footing-and finally she shivered with celd, for the wind was toy sharp and seemed to go right brough her warm clothes. they looked down, a light suddonly

ared up in the pine woods below. "What's that?" cried Billy.

"The Sleep Chomes," whispered Prince onnic Biue Bell. "We must beware less hey catch us."

Who are the Sicep Gnomes?" asked Per-ty, creeping close to the other two, "They are the ones who put the flowers, he trees, the grass, the Progs, the Butter-

files, the Bears, and other of the forest folks to sleep in the winter. I escaped them this fall, and that's how I'm here having such a folly time. If they catch us—good-by fun and frolic." "Will they harm humans?" questioned Peggy.

More than they do the forest folks," re-"More than they do the forest folks." replied Prince Bonnie Blue Bell. "They put us to sleep only until spring awakens us, but humans they put to sleep for twenty years." "Oh," gasped Peggy. Fif they got us we'd never wake up until we were grown-ups." "And you'd miss all the joys of child-hood," added the prince.
"Twenty years: That's just like Rip Van. Winkle in Washington Irving's story," cried Blilly Belgium. "He was tust to given when

Billy Beigium. "He was put to sleep when he drank schnapps with Hendrik Hudson's crew who were playing tenpins in the Cataliti mountains."

"The Sleep Gnomes take many forms," warned Prince Bonnie Biue Bell, "If you drink with them, good-night, for twenty

drink with them, good-night for twenty years."
"Some one is coming! Look! Look!" Billy Belgium pointed excitedly down the mountain o where black specks were creeping upward Sleep Gnomes," cried Prince Bonnie

Tomorrow will be described a wild coast



"THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE Signley Orchestra—"I Pagliacel" Selections

PALACE 1914 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:18 P. M. Clara Kimball Young in "THE ROAD THROUGH THE DARK"
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IACOBINOFF

HELEN WARE LYDELL & MACY-Ca HARRY LANGDON & CO.; SEVEN B CASINO The Golden

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

I had shuffled into the last-place of the roy I had shuffled into the last-place of the row in which the head keeper had ranged us. Monica spoke a word or two to each of the men, who shambled off in turn with low obeisances. Directly she stopped in front of me I knew she had recognized me—I feit it rather, for she made no sign—though the time I had had in Germany had altered my appearance, I dure say, and I must have looked pretty rough with my three days' beard and muddy clother.

"Ah!" she said with all her imager de grande dame, "you are the man of whom Heinrich spoke. You have just come out of loopital, I think;"

"Beg the Frau Grafin's pardon." I mumbled

She stopped me with a gesture. "Herr Doktor!" she called to the dinner-By Jove! this girl had grit; her pluck was

smelt delicious.
"Frau Grafin?" he queried, glancing at me.

seen before, "take this man into the sitting-

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES By DADDY

## to take them on a marvelone ride up

On the Mountain Top NOW, snow everywhere. It covered the mountain top, hiding rocks and vegeta-

And indeed the snow was almost ico, for the sun of the day had melted it, and the chill of the night had frozen it, until it was covered with a hard crust strong enough to bear up

The Rabbits, which had been going along

CHESTNUT ST. OPERA HOUSE

